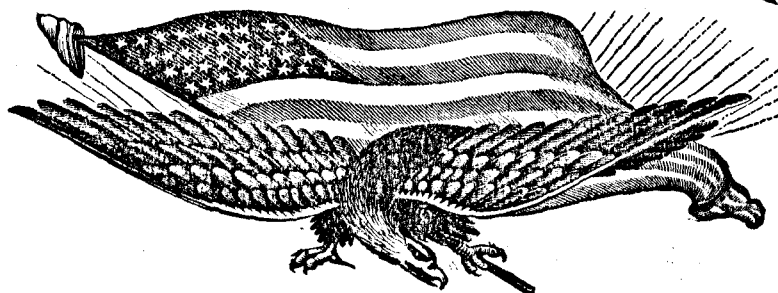


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ANATOLE.

Chapter III.

"Who is this Artemise?" enquired one of those kind hearted persons, who, rarely struck with merit are always shocked by the ridiculous.

"I do not know," replied another, "but from the economical style of her dress, I presume she is the companion of the princess. In fact I observe the air of those young women who are bred to be always of the opinion of their princess, to finish a piece of tapestry or play a duett when needed."

"Say what you please, ladies," said a third, "this lady has noble features."

"The features? truly, you are happy in discovering them be-

neath that enormous hat. For my part, I do not believe in the beauty one takes so much pains to hide. Thus each pronounced an opinion upon Madame de Saverny when she appeared. She was pale and fatigued from her journey; and it was discovered that she had no bloom. Her dress was not new, and it was decided that she had a provincial air. Finally, it was certain that she lacked animation and intelligence for she seemed astonished at everything and said nothing. Ten minutes sufficed to form this judgment and to render it irrevocable. Mons. d'Emerange himself although a connoisseur in beauty, was not exempt from injustice toward that of Madame de Saverny. The wisest of these savants are often the dupes of fashion, and he had not the courage to defend the charms of a woman so situated. The chevalier reproached Madame de Nangis with having deceived him in her account of her sister in law.

"This time you will not complain of my admiration. Madame de Saverny will never share it with you."

"Do not take your oath upon it," replied the countess, smiling. At this moment Mons. de Nangis approached to present *le chevalier* to his sister, as one of his most agreeable friends. Valentine replied with grace to his frigidly polite remarks; he was charmed by the tones of her voice, and though scarcely listening to what she said, he remarked the most beautiful teeth and the sweetest smile. But he kept the secret of his discovery, fearing to contradict his first decision. Curiosity, however, attracted him toward Madame de Saverny. Placed between her and the princess, he observed that Valentine listened to the music *en personne de gout*; and, in what he was able to hear of her replies to the princess, he recognised a choice of simple and elegant expressions, rarely to be found in the provinces. The necklace of Madame de Nangis unfastening, Valentine drew off her gloves to reclasp it and displayed a lovely arm. The chevalier was not in the least of the opinion of those who refused to consider her a beauty. However, when the concert closed, and Mad. de Nangis, with several other beautiful women, begged him to sing one of the romances which he had introduced he appeared to yield only to their wish, but the truth was that Mad. de Saverny was the only one who had not urged, and he sang only for her.

A long sojourn in Italy had rendered Mons. de Emerange a fine musician; he had an agreeable voice and sang with expression. He appeared not to value his talents, but while having the air of believing

himself unworthy of the praises lavished upon him, he never pardoned a critic. Wo to the woman who condemned his romances, or discovered his couplets to be badly rhymed! The public would only too soon be acquainted with all her follies.

None of the guests of Mad. de Nangis had occasion to fear the vengeance of the chevalier. Their delight was universal, each stanza offered an application which the ladies interpreted to their liking. Those who had often been honored by the chevalier with the flattery of his praises, recognised themselves in all the portraits of shepherdesses, his glances were for some and the self love of all was gratified. Mad. de Saverny who understood nothing of all this finesse, remarked only that Mons. d' Emerange sang well, but she dared not say so to him, for the simplicity of the compliment seemed cold in comparison with the exaggerated praises which were heaped upon him.

Mad. de Saverny did not yet know how much the silence of one person may spoil a success. She might have perceived it, had she observed the manner in which the chevalier replied to the flattering speeches of Madame de Nangis. His abstraction and discontent were evident. He could not pardon a provincial who was not transported with the pleasure of listening to him, and said to himself that he did not doubt that this beautiful widow had for her admirer some little man in the environs of her chateau, to whom she had given her parting promise never to smile in her absence. "I am sure she will write to him tomorrow that I have wearied her to death and make a merit of it." This reflection inspired in the chevalier more spite than disdain.

The soirée was over for Valentine when supper was announced. She then withdrew to the apartments which had been destined for her. Mademoiselle Julie attended her to offer her services, giving in a patronizing tone her advice to the little Antoinette who seemed to her a *femme-de-chambre* quite unfit for the charge of a beautiful woman's toilette. True, Antoinette was entirely unskilful but she was the most honest and the prettiest of all the young girls of Saverny. Her mother had been nurse to Valentine and Antoinette could dress her mistress badly without risking any wish on her part to discharge her. But, more care was requisite in Paris and Mademoiselle Julie was charged by the marquise with the choice of another *femme-de-chambre* whose first duty would be to treat Antoinette kindly.

Chap. IV.

It was nine o' clock in the morning when Valentine was aroused by a little voice, saying softly: "Aunty, are you asleep?" "Ah! it is you, *ma chère* Isaure! come let me embrace you." "I cannot see, I will call Antoinette to open the shutters!" Hardly is Antoinette entered when Isaure is on her aunt's bed, folded in her arms. "How you have grown in six months, dear child, look at me a moment! you have your father's eyes!" "Oh! that is not possible aunty, for Mons. d' Emerange tells me every day that I am pretty because I resemble mamma."

"Monsieur is right, but he cannot deny that you have the blue eyes of your father. However, it is of little consequence whether they are black or blue. If you are like your mother you must be amiable and good."

"I believe so. My music master is very well satisfied, and my father says that if I improve so much already I shall be able next year to play in public."

"The next year, you will still be very young." "Not so young. I shall be seven years old. Miss Birton says that at that age one is no longer a child."

"Who is Miss Birton?"

"She is a new governess that mamma has given me that I may

learn English, but I do not think she will stay here long, she complains already."

"Perhaps you do not obey her."

"That is not what troubles her, but she says that she is neglected. For instance, she was not invited to the concert yesterday and she grumbled over it to me all the evening. I could make her scold if I were to repeat all that she said yesterday of mamma."

"That would be a wickedness of which I hope Isaure is incapable. It is wrong even to mention it to me."

Listening to the idle talk of her niece Mad. de Saverny dressed and prepared to wait upon her sister in law, but Isaure informed her that no one saw her mamma before mid-day, adding, "I will see if my father is in his cabinet. I will tell him you are ready and we will breakfast with you."

"She soon returned accompanied by Mons. de Nangis who devoted himself entirely to his sister excusing himself for his neglect the previous evening, but she must be aware that on such an occasion strangers must be first considered. He spoke very particularly of the advantages to be derived from her stay in Paris.

The greatest in his eyes was the opportunity afforded her to make a grand marriage. To the mind of M. de Nangis happiness consisted in a brilliant position, and it was in the sincerity of his friendship that he counselled his sister to sacrifice everything to the project of securing a second establishment worthy of her fortune. Valentine had a sincere wish to be guided by her brother in the regulation of her conduct. She did justice to his excellent qualities but there was too much difference of taste between them to allow of her enjoying the happiness which he would have chosen for her.

Madame de Saverny, although gentle and yielding in all minor affairs of life had yet the most inflexible firmness. She would constantly yield her plans and pleasures to the caprices of her friends, but not one of them had ever obtained a sacrifice of principle.

Reared in a retirement the most austere she had learned to despise the joys and sorrows of folly. *Les religieuses* who had charge of her education knowing that the will of her father condemned her to live afar from the world, had represented it to her in the most frightful colors. From constantly hearing that egotism and perfidy ruled all the actions of men, Valentine had naturally conceived a distrust which clouded her happiness. Any assurances of friendship seemed to her mere politeness, praise, but flattery, and an oath a lie. Still, her tender heart could not dispense with affection although all her depth of feeling had been self concentrated until the time when Mons. de Saverny merited her love and gratitude and proved to her that a man of principle may preserve his virtues in the midst of the world. But whether from weakness or prudence he made no attempt to remove the prejudices which often made her unjust toward other men.

A long acquaintance with the world had demonstrated to M. de Saverny that the greatest misfortune which can happen to a woman is not yielding to the feeling which she experiences but to the caprice which she inspires, and his truly paternal tenderness for Valentine had prompted the desire to preserve her from the too common misfortune of being either the dupe of the vanity of a coxcomb or of the levity of the thoughtless.

"Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston," said little three year old Ruth. Her sister Minnie, hearing this, said: "You are too little to have a muff." "Am I too little to be bold?" rejoined the indignant little Ruth.

DUMB MEN'S SPEECH.

A BELGIAN EXPERIMENT.

In what category is speech to be arranged? Amongst all the functions and energies of man by what name will it most correctly be labelled? Shall we call it an endowment, or a faculty, or an art, or what? In short, what is speech? Certain very practical results depend upon the answer. Without doing any injustice to the character of rough-and-ready replies, it may be said that the rough-and-ready reply to these questions would be that speech is a gift,—perhaps the most eminent of all the gifts bestowed upon man by his Creator, and one, therefore, well adapted for its exalted office of determining the line of severance between the brute creation and humanity. Superficial as such a conclusion unquestionably is, it would almost seem as though it had dictated our mode of procedure in the treatment of the dumb. Say that speech is an endowment of human nature, and it must at once take rank with the other endowments of human nature, with sight and hearing and reason, and the rest. It may have its speciality, it may be conspicuous amongst the others for its dignity or its usefulness; but almost insensibly we shall conceive of it as being regulated by the same laws and associated with the same ideas as are attached to the other endowments of man. One of the most obvious and the most unassailable of such ideas is the total incapacity of man himself to confer upon his fellow-man even the faintest semblance of such gifts. And with data like these, it is almost an axiom that, in directing the education of one who is deprived of speech, you must accept his dumbness as a fact which is altogether beyond the reach of hope. You may invest him with substitutes for speech which shall be more or less efficient, but this so-called gift of speech itself, it is manifestly futile for human skill to think of bringing into exercise. You will give him some compensation for his loss by evoking some unusual power of observation and by inventing new artifices of expression; you will impart to him a marvellous aptitude in the languages of the hand and of the eye; but this spell of an unalterable silence you will feel that a creative power alone can break.

Such a position seems not only a natural, but almost an inevitable, deduction from the very loose idea that speech is to be classed amongst the endowments of men. The fact that a view of this kind has met with such general acceptance makes us suspect that it probably represents a certain amount of truth upon the subject. Yet we may reasonably challenge it, and ask it whether it fairly embodies the whole truth of the matter? whether it gives us the best possible grasp of all the leading facts, or whether it is not rather calculated to obscure some of the principal avenues of thought, and consequently to bar some of the most effective lines of action which another aspect would suggest? There is at all events one consideration which affords a presumption, though not a proof, that the classification of speech as a gift is inadequate, if not absolutely incorrect; for it is undoubted that certain of the lower animals are able to acquire a mimicry of speech so perfect as to represent a human articulation to the very life. Now, such a fact, when once established, immediately fatal to the view in question. Take any one of these natural powers, which are beyond all dispute most properly designated as gifts,—powers, that is, demanding no skill or effort on the part of the individual exercising them,—and you cannot conceive the possibility of a mimicry of them. You cannot, for instance, imagine a mimicry of sight or of hearing. I say then that the fact that speech *can* be caricatured affords us a presumption that there is something wrong in a classification which groups it with them. The truth probably is that, in the looseness of ordinary conversation, speech has been too often confounded with language. Statements, that is to say, which are perfectly true of language, have been carelessly transferred to speech, and, as might be expected, have by the transfer been rendered hopelessly false. Thus, it may be quite true that language, as the expression of reason, is the noblest and the most distinguishing gift which the Creator has bestowed upon man. But apply such a statement to speech, and we may not only be inclined to dissent from the opinion expressed, but we have some grounds for asking whether it can be accurately called a gift at all.

Following the lead, then, of this presumption, and setting aside for the moment the conception of speech as one of the distinctive gifts of man, let us ask whether it would not be more correctly catalogued as an art,—an art which is to be learned, of course, like any

other art, by successions of attempt and failure. Through its investiture as an art, it at once assumes its proper place as the correlative of language, which everybody has now learned to call a science. In this view, a correct description of the facts would be something of this kind: Man is supplied with a mechanism which is capable of producing articulate speech, just as he is supplied with a mechanism which is capable of producing, for example, a performance on the piano-forte; but it is for man himself to learn to use this mechanism with competent skill. The question then arises, How does he learn? by what agency is this mechanism to be approached? Obviously through the ear. The art of speech is acquired by imitation. The possessor of this vocal mechanism becomes sensible, through the ear, of the use to which others are putting it, and by continued attempts to produce the same effects which he hears from them he gradually acquires a perfect command over his instrument, and articulates with fluency and ease. Hence we are furnished with an explanation of a well-known fact about the dumb. Most of them are dumb, because they are deaf. They cannot articulate, not because they are deprived of the machinery of articulation, but because they are deprived of the means of learning to put this machinery in motion. The mechanism is there, sometimes without a single flaw in its construction; but it is doomed to stand eternally idle, because the channel through which it is commonly approached is closed.

But having got so far, we are immediately confronted with a question which, if it can be answered affirmatively, must revolutionize our procedure with deaf-mutism, must impose upon us the necessity of a general, if not a universal abandonment of the language of the fingers, and will enable us effectually to rescue these wordless sufferers from the terrible isolation of their speechlessness. Granted that a man commonly learns to speak by the almost effortless process of hearing others speak; granted that the machinery of speech is most naturally and most easily set in motion through the intervention of the ear; yet, if this be closed from birth, is there no other channel through which the latent mechanism of articulation can be reached? Is there no other faculty through whose aid these slumbering powers can be stirred into activity, and taught to fulfil the purpose for which they are so well adapted? In a word, is it inevitable, as the conventional treatment of them assumes it is, that the deaf and dumb should be despairingly abandoned to their speechlessness? or is it possible to teach the silent lips to speak?

For eighty years past such a possibility has been eagerly asserted by Heinicke and his followers in Germany. The utility of it has been as eagerly denied by the Abbé de l'Épée in France. But facts will speak for themselves. Through the intervention of a Continental friend I was recently enabled to visit an institution in Brussels, which demonstrated by actual experiment that such a thing is possible, not only in the case of a picked individual or two gifted with extraordinary intelligence, but (it seems safe to say) in every case, provided that the vocal organs are not rendered fatally imperfect by malformation. Moreover, even in those extremely rare instances where the mechanism of speech was incomplete, they succeeded in producing an approximation to clear utterance, closer or more remote, according to the degree of defectiveness in the organs. So that in that house of the dumb, from the best down to the very worst, every single inmate could speak. The dumb are received there in considerable numbers; the conventional system of teaching them to speak by signs is totally and unexceptionally abandoned, and each individual patient is successfully taught to speak with his lips. Of course, the labor and patience expended in effecting these results is stupendous.

It is not difficult to imagine the almost superhuman self-control that you must have, if you would take a boy who is as deaf as the ground he stands on, and utter an articulate sound before him over and over again, till by seeing your movements he learns to reproduce the sound. In practice, however, the task is no less stupendous than the imagination predicts. Indeed, as I watched their method, it several times occurred to me that these instructors must have thrown up their work in despair if they had not been doing it for the sake of their religion. It was, in truth, in the name of Religion that the whole of this unprecedented labor was undertaken. In words of their own framing, "to inspire the deaf and dumb with the love of our holy religion, to form their hearts to virtue, to develop their intelligence, in short to restore to God and society this unhappy class,—such is the task which we undertake in this house." Technically, moreover, the house was a religious house, as being the retreat of a

religious order. It was founded some twenty years ago by an eminent ecclesiastic, so distinguished for his self-sacrificing works of benevolence and charity as to have earned the title of the Vincent de Paul of Belgium. True to the reputation of the founder, a number of clergy attached to a religious brotherhood—Les Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne whom I found by conversation to be men of high talent and culture,—carried on this work. It was to one of these brethren so engaged—Frère Cyrille—that my Brussels friend presented me. I found him a bright, accomplished man, in the best years of life, dressed in the clerical costume of his country,—the long black cassock with that interminable row of small buttons down the front, and his beads hung at the girdle, and the little close-fitting black cap,—known as the *Solidée* (*Soli Deo*)—just upon the crown of the head. Such is the man who is the leading spirit of this unique establishment. After a little preliminary conversation he proceeded to pilot me through the house. Promising to begin with the most elementary stage of the education, he led me first into a large airy room fitted with ordinary school-room desks, forms, blackboards, diagrams, and the usual apparatus of elementary education. That room indeed was remarkable for the absence of only one of the attributes of a well-appointed school-room: there was none of the familiar buzz of plodding school-boys. Here sat some five-and-twenty boys, from seven to twelve years old, in some cases literally struggling to imitate the lip-movements of their teacher, and making thereby noises uncouth and various enough; but so impressive was the silence in the intervals of their attempts, that one quiet longed for some of those furtive whispers which all go to make up that impalpable sort of hum which is one of the bugbears of the schoolmaster. These boys were acquiring the first rudiments of the art of speech under the tuition of another of the brethren,—also a cassocked ecclesiastic,—who seemed blessed with an amount of forbearance that was quite angelic. The earliest lesson, of course, was the articulation of single open syllables, that is to say, of a consonant with a vowel attached. The process by which this was attained was, I observed, twofold. First, simply the eye of the pupil was used. The teacher articulated in a very marked manner the consonant that was under notice. By signs and gestures the dumb boy was directed to watch the movement minutely and to make it himself. If he succeeded in doing so, all well and good; the object, was achieved. But if he failed, as was often the case; if, for example, instead of *ma* he articulated *ba*, then the sense of touch was called in to the rescue. The teacher felt about his own organs to see exactly how they were affected by his articulation of the particular consonant which caused the difficulty. He would find that there was, perhaps, a movement in the throat, or by the pressure of the fingers against the side of the nose, that a current of air was driven down the nostrils by the articulation in question. Having discovered this, he took the boy's finger and put it to his own (the teacher's) organ and articulated the consonant distinctly and repeatedly, so that the boy should feel exactly what the movement of the part was that was required of him. The boy was then directed to put his finger upon his own throat or nostril, and by his own movements produce the same impression upon his finger as was produced by the articulation of the teacher. A hundred times he would fail; and a hundred times would this much enduring frère, without the faintest shadow of impatience or irritation, go through the whole ceremonial again.

As we entered the room this method was being applied, I remember, to the syllables of the French word—all the business was conducted in French—*Solide*. The frère had got this word written out upon the blackboard, syllable by syllable, and he was articulating it, hissing and biting off the consonants with a most laborious emphasis, and with a considerable pause at the end of each. *So-li-de*. Most of the boys in his class seemed to succeed tolerably well with this word; but the failure of one poor lad served admirably the purpose of giving one an insight into the system of instruction. He found no difficulty in catching the first syllables, but the last syllable he misapprehended. The frère was quick enough to detect the error, even amid the many voices, in a moment. He singled the boy out to devote some special care to him. "*So, li, de,*" said the frère, making quite an explosion with the last syllable. "*So, li,*" replied the anxious boy, drawing out the vowels to an inordinate length in his care to be right, and then, as though quite lost, gazing about him in bewilderment and dismay: "*re,*" he guessed, after some moments.

The frère shook his head; that would not do. "*So, li, de,—de, de,*" he repeated. "*So, li,*" said the boy, with great deliberation, and then came the pause of perplexity again; "*ke,*" at last he tried, receiving once more, of course, the shake of the head in reply. That was not right. "*So, li, de, de,*" reiterated this delightfully patient frère, taking the lad's finger, and putting it upon the ball of his own throat, that he might feel the movement caused by the articulation of the troublesome sound. The boy immediately nodded his head with evident delight, in token of his having grasped what was meant. Withdrawing his hand from his teacher, he began, "*So, li,*" then, feeling about over his own throat, "*de,*" he said, after a moment's pause, with an apparent certitude that he was saying the right thing. The task was accomplished. "*So, li, de,—Solide,*" recapitulated the frère. "*Solide*" said the boy at once, in three distinct but connected syllables.

This amiable and persevering teacher went on to explain to me that having achieved the pronunciation of the consonant, he should be able after some little time to get the lad to pronounce the word as it should be in good French, with a less emphasis upon the last syllable. But this final *e* mute of the French language was, he said, one of their chief difficulties, inasmuch as it ought in correct speech to slip almost inaudibly off the tongue, whereas they were compelled to teach their boys to give it the same power as any other vowel, for the purpose of getting its accompanying consonant articulated. With characteristic enthusiasm, however, he added, it was only a question of a little more trouble afterwards to soften it down when once the consonant was acquired. While upon this subject he told me that, as a rule, certain consonants came much more easily to dumb pupils than others did. It appeared that *r* was the easiest of all. Several little fellows, who had only just been admitted to the house, had already learned to roll the *r* with a rapidity and continuity that only the Continental throat can accomplish. And it is no injustice to them to say that their newly acquired power was one which they never seemed to be tired of exercising. In the course of a few minutes four or five of these youngsters rolled out enough *r*'s to supply all the speeches of a parliamentary session.

But when the consonants were safely disposed of, the vowels were sometimes hardly less troublesome than these. In the rudimentary stages of this novel education, mistakes about the vowels were frequent; for example, *do* got pronounced *da*, *me* was mistaken for *mi*,—making sometimes a curious jargon out of a familiar word. But the same calm perseverance on the part of the frère which vanquished the consonants, seemed to make short work of the less formidable obstinacy of a vowel; and in no case did I see him baffled in his endeavor to impart a correct apprehension of the sound. Indeed it was surprising to see how quickly he taught them to read the motions of his lips and to utter monosyllables in reply. Within a short period from the admission I found boys who could correct an error of this kind: the frère would take up a pen, and with an air of interrogation would say to a boy, "*C'est un porte-crayon,*" and the boy would smile and shake his head, and say "*plume.*"

The next stage of this singular education was the acquisition of short, simple sentences. With this aim, not only the blackboard, but pictures also were freely used. The practice in this department was to select some object and teach the pupils to enumerate the leading qualities and attributes of it. Thus, for example, a picture of an inkstand was under discussion at the moment of our visit; and on the blackboard were chalked such sentences as these: *L'encrier est rond; L'encrier est noir; L'encrier est ouvert.* A picture of three-horse diligence furnished material for another lesson. In the picture the leading horse was gray and the two others were black; and the relative positions of these animals supplied endless remarks. By their answers and comments the boys showed that they had the clearest understanding of the whole matter. When they were asked the color of the front horse, they replied "*gris*"; when the frère said there were two horses in front of the coach and one behind, they laughed and contradicted him; while a perfect roar of merriment was created by his astounding assertion that the three horses were seated on the top of the coach.

After satisfying us upon the rudimentary processes of his establishment, Frère Cyrille conducted us to the room where his own class of advanced pupils was assembled. Here we found some twenty youths of all ages from about nine to eighteen, who rose as we enter-

ed, and, expecting as I was to find a room full of half-dumb people, I must say almost startled me by greeting us with a perfectly articulate "Bonjour, messieurs." If these young men had formerly been dumb and were actually at this moment stone-deaf, here seemed to be an unmistakable triumph for the system of Frère Cyrille. We proceeded to test it. He explained to his class that we were simply visitors, who, out of sympathy with them and a kindly interest, had come to witness their progress. "Asseyez-vous, monsieur," said this vivacious little man, handing me his chair; the turning to his class, "Attention!" he said, in a voice hardly above a whisper. Here was the thing which brought out the fact of their present deafness. Whatever suspicion one might have had before that these pupils could after all, perhaps, hear a little, if only quite a little, just to help things out, this was all blown to the winds in a moment by the whisper of that one word and the visible effect it produced upon the faces in all parts of the room. Here was demonstration of deafness which could not be gainsayed. If these people should prove themselves able to hold a conversation, it must be with the eye alone, one could not help admitting, through which they would apprehend the meaning of another. Frère Cyrille felt that so unusual a procedure required notice. "Monsieur will understand," he said to me in explanation, "that it is unnecessary for me to fatigue myself by speaking loud, as ordinary teachers must; to them it is indifferent whether thunder or whisper, and for me the latter is easier." He continued accordingly in the same very subdued voice, which was only just audible even to me, sitting, as I was, close to him, and giving me thereby every moment accumulating proof, which I could not help feeling was thoroughly conclusive that the assembly was really deaf. "Attention!" once more. "Je me propose de voyager jusqu'à Londres, et je voyagerai tout le long par le chemin de fer." Some of the young men laughed, some shrugged their shoulders. "Mais pourquoi non?" said Frère Cyrille.

"Ce n'est pas possible," replied several voices.

"Eh bien, comment dois-je voyager?" continued Cyrille, addressing one of the most eager-looking of the group.

"Chemin de fer jusqu'à Ostende," he rejoined, unhesitatingly.

"Et après ça?"

"Bateau-à-vapeur," was the immediate reply.

Frère Cyrille then undertook to go over some of the ground they had traversed in the course of that morning's lessons. His instruction was exceedingly clever, but the subjects were not of any particular interest. There was one question, however, which was amusingly illustrative of a little piece of national vanity; and when I heard the cut-and-dried answer to it, I could not help wondering whether it did not contain the very fact to which the French troops were making a sarcastic allusion at Waterloo, when they coupled the Belgians with the epithet which has never left them—*les braves Belges*. Selecting the youth who was to reply,—"Comment César a-t-il rendu la justice à nos ancêtres?" Frère Cyrille asked. The answer was given with a mechanical precision which almost suggested that both question and answer had been learned from a catechism. "Il a dit dans ses Commentaires que les Belges sont le peuple le plus brave de la Gaule." So long, however, as the questions were asked by the teacher himself, there was obviously the risk of a suspicion in the spectator's mind that these dumb people had not been really taught to speak with the freedom which is indispensable for speech being of any practical use, but rather that by dint of an almost inconceivable amount of labor they had been crammed, like parrots with a few select phrases, which, upon occasion, they could parade before a wondering stranger. Frère Cyrille was far too acute a man for the liability of such a suspicion to escape him; and, by virtue of his integrity, he could afford to challenge it. He was polite enough to offer me the opportunity of verifying his results.

"But monsieur will converse with them himself; his voice is quite strange to them, yet if he will speak with only ordinary distinctness, they will understand him perfectly well, and will make him replies." Now this was very polite, but it was rather a trial for me as well as for them. The youth sitting at my elbow to whom I should most naturally address any remark I had to make, happened to be, by a considerable difference, the smallest and youngest boy in the room. One may get on with the adult world of the Continent pretty well, but it is not always pleasant to have to air your French to a youngster whose legs are dangling from his chair. You are apt to become

sensible in the midst of it that the proceeding is not altogether the most dignified one in which you might be engaged. However, it had to be done, so I began at once to the little fellow next me, asking the simplest of all possible questions, both for my own sake, and for his. "Mon enfant, quel âge avez-vous?" I said, dividing the syllables carefully and distinctly. I naturally was prepared to find that the utterance of a stranger and a foreigner might occasion him some little difficulty, and should accordingly have been very well satisfied with a somewhat hesitating reply. My surprise was proportionately great when he instantly tossed it off in a clear and agreeable voice. "J'ai neuf ans, monsieur." But this was not all. In answer to my surprise, Frère Cyrille assured me that so complete was the education of the eye and the responsiveness of the tongue under his system, that if something were said to them in language which they did not understand, these youths would be able to repeat the words after the speaker. "For example," he continued, "you will easily believe that they do not know one single word of English; we have quite enough to do to acquire our vernacular French and Netherlandish; yet if you select one of my pupils and say something in English, he will be able to say it after you." Accordingly, I selected one of them, and said to him, *Cler-gy-man*. *Cler-gy-man* immediately said the youth, with a perfect articulation, but without having the faintest idea of what he was talking about.

The examples I have enumerated here are some only out of many similar tests which I applied to ascertain the degree to which the power of speech had been developed by human agency in these dumb people. By their uniform success I was compelled to admit that the fact of their ability to converse freely upon any given topic was indisputably established. That, of course, was patent. But it was not so easy to believe that these dumb-born youths who now were conversing with you in this glib fashion, were still, one and all, perfectly stone-deaf. The completeness of their speech and the readiness of their replies, almost prevented your believing that they could not hear. Indeed, it would have been quite impossible to believe this but for the fact that they were manifestly independent of the sense of hearing. Their replies, both to Frère Cyrille and to myself, made it evident that they understood us equally well, whether we spoke in our ordinary voice or whether we employed a whisper, moving the lips only, but producing no sound perceptible at the other end of the room. The eye was evidently their organ of apprehension.

Frère Cyrille could teach them to speak, but he could not teach them to hear.

As for the tone of the voices in which they spoke, I remarked almost every shade of quality amongst them,—from the most natural and agreeable voice of an ordinary speaker down to the most hideous parody of a voice, accompanied with a struggling effort at articulation which certainly was generally intelligible, but always painful to a spectator. This latter, however, was extremely rare. I think I saw only two instances of it through the whole house; and in both it was the index of malformation. In the majority of cases the voices were like ordinary voices, varying, as others do, in degrees of pleasantness, but presenting no character which would suggest that they belonged to people who once were dumb.

One curious fact was mentioned to me by Frère Cyrille. He said that he found more difficulty with those who had become deaf and dumb subsequently to birth than with those who were so born. I found that, next to the one or two instances of malformation, the worst speakers were those who had lost their voice from disease. Possibly their memories of sound, slender though they might be, disqualified them for that assiduous and undivided attention to the culture of the eye which the rest had no alternative but to give. Whether this be so or otherwise, Frère Cyrille seemed to attach no small importance to having a monopoly of his pupils' entire energy for this one aim,—speaking with the mouth. He spoke as though a division of their efforts—part being directed to this and part to learning the language of signs—would have been fatal to his prospects of success. Accordingly, the ordinary practice of conversing with the fingers was totally banished from the institution. There was no encouragement of a dumb youth, on his first admission, to make use of his fingers until such time as he could learn the use of his tongue; but from the very first his instruction was entirely based upon articulate speech, and his power of communicating with his fellows was measured by his success in acquiring it.

It was marvellous to see how speedily this unity of purpose achieved its end. In the space of a year and a half these deaf, but no longer dumb, lads learned to speak perfectly well, after which their newly acquired art was employed upon the usual branches of education. It would be almost too much, perhaps, to say that there are absolutely no cases of dumbness, apart from malformation, in which an attempt to teach the art of speech would be a failure. But Frère Cyrille did not seem to think that there was any case in which it would be impossible. He would not despair even of the most unpromising. While speaking to him on this part of the subject, he told me a little story which illustrated it. A peasant had recently brought to him his little son, a boy of seven years old, who never had either heard or spoken. The poor fellow was in the greatest distress at the apparent hopelessness of his son's case. His coming to the home of these amiable brethren was but a forlorn hope. "Ah, sir," he said to Frère Cyrille, "I've been advised to come and hear what you have to say but you'll be able to do nothing with him. I've had him with me these seven years, and I can't get a sound out of him."

"Well, at all events, we can try," was the reply; "and if you will wait, we will have the first lesson in your presence."

"So," said Frère Cyrille to me, "I placed myself in front of the boy, directed his attention to my lips, and articulated to him *pe*—the *e* was sounded as the French *e* mute,—till at last the boy began to say *pe* too. I advanced a step further, and the end was that, after the patience of a few minutes, the boy said *papa* to his father before he left the room." The latter was at once amazed and delighted with such a result. He gladly and gratefully confided his boy to the protection of the brethren, and at the period of my visit to them the boy was in a fair way of learning to speak freely and distinctly.

Incredible as such results as these appear, the possibility of achieving them was long ago foreseen. I have in my possession an old book in the Latin language, printed in Germany so early as 1667, in which the author urges *a priori* arguments which led him to expect that the making a dumb man speak was quite within the limits of the possible, and then adds the story of a man in whose case he actually realized the possibility. Curiously enough, this learned gentleman goes on to prove that the languages of the East—and more particularly the Hebrew language—are more readily acquired by a dumb man than the languages of Europe, our own English tongue being branded as notoriously the most unintelligible of all. The reasoning is singular. The whole position is, of course, rested upon the old exploded belief that square-headed Hebrew was the one *primæval* language spoken by man in the days of his early innocence. The modern square-headed characters (without apparently a suspicion that there was any earlier type) are derived from the forms which the human tongue assumes in articulating the several letters of the Hebrew language; hence the human tongue has a natural aptitude for that language above all others. Throw in the consideration that the broad vowels of the East cannot be skipped over with that indecorous glibness to which the vowels of our less dignified Western speech fall such victims, and you have a complete proof that the dumb can be easily taught to speak Hebrew. So, at any rate, this learned German proves it to his own satisfaction if not to ours.

But though we may be at liberty to dissent from the details of his conclusion, distorted as they were by the cramped views of philological science then prevalent, yet there is no doubt that, in his prediction of the possibility of teaching the dumb to articulate with the lips, and to converse at will with their contemporaries, he was entirely right. The receptivity of the taught has, since his time, been demonstrated by experiment in numerous and varied instances. The requisite qualifications of the teacher might not be so easy to secure. This was the only respect in which the institution I have been describing was really exceptional. Frère Cyrille and his confrères were not ordinary men. Such labors as theirs money could not buy. No hiring services could ever fix themselves upon their end with that intensity of purpose which is indispensable to the success of such a task. The earlier stages of it seem as hopeless as the actual results are (it must be confessed) incredible. The patience which they demand is something quite beyond the reach of ordinary men. "Monsieur will have to say it fifty times," I remarked commiseratingly to one of these brethren as he was drumming a syllable into a

speechless little creature. "Ah ma foi, often five hundred and fifty times," was his reply. No mere salaried labor would be likely to face a prospect such as that. Nothing but a conviction, nothing but a conscious self-sacrifice for the sake of an idea,—for it is ideas and not material expectations that are, after all, the most potent influence upon individuals as well as upon nations,—nothing but the enthusiasm of an idea, and that too a religious idea, could vitalize the engeries of a man under the irksomeness of a drudgery like that. These men were doing it for the sake of their religion, and that was the secret of their success. This work was simply the particular expression of religious devotion which they had chosen to adopt. It was the one thing they had to think of, the one object they had to live for; and in this unity of purpose lay their strength. The same feelings amongst ourselves might not express themselves in precisely the same forms in which theirs are clothed; but this theory of success we should be obliged to learn from them.

An acquaintance with such results as theirs might have the effect of modifying, might even almost revolutionize, our own practice in the treatment of the dumb. There can be no reason why our own dumb should not be taught to speak and so be rescued from that terrible isolation which has been hitherto accepted as their destiny, just as well as these Continental mutes. But if they are so taught, the task will be accomplished, not by the sort of man who would do well enough for the mere routine of keeping boys in order, giving a few hours' languid brainless attendance in return for a scanty maintenance, but by men of ability, of enthusiasm, and, above all, of self-control; by men of large intellectual resources, who approach it not as an instrument of remuneration, but as a labor of Christian love.

Every Saturday.

A REMARKABLE CASE—Many of our readers will remember a deaf mute by the name of Geo. H. Dickinson, who was employed as a copyist in the Circuit and County Clerk's offices in this city, in the fall of 1861. He was deaf from infancy, but through the instrumentality of a good school for mutes—we think located in Harrisburg, Pa., he became an excellent English scholar, and also acquired a good knowledge of the French language. He is a good penman, as the records of this County will show. Although he could not hear, yet his sense of sight was so keen, that he could without difficulty tell what was said, if he could see the lips of the person speaking. He could by the aid of a spy glass, tell what a person was saying even in a whisper, at a distance of several hundred yards. He learned the printing trade, and while on a *tramp* in the South, at the beginning of the war, he was suspected of being a Federal spy, and it was with great difficulty he escaped with his life.

But what is more remarkable in his history than all else, he relates himself in a recent letter to a friend in this city. He says: "Changes almost miraculous have taken place in my condition since last I saw you. On the 21st of February, 1862, I went east to bring my wife, and on my return I was taken down with one of the most severe attacks of small pox, ever recorded, which resulted after 26 days, in the rupture of a tube of my left ear, which left me about 12 days in a state nearly bordering on temporary insanity. Eventually it wore off, and left me with the faculty of speech fully restored, although like a child with all of an eventful life to almost live over again. By carefully noting the movements of the lips, and then inspecting the intonations of the voice, in the course of twelve months I got so that I could make a very fair effort at a talk. I have no doubt that this piece of news may appear as astounding to you as it was strange and mysterious to me. I am candid to confess, that I would not undergo what I had to for the first twelve hours after the ear burst, for all the *greenbacks* and national currency ever struck off.

Mr. Dickinson is a nephew of the late famous Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York.

Exchange.

One of the most touchingly simple wills was left recently by the German pastor Holzapfel, of Reifnitz. It consists of this line only: "My soul to God, my body to earth, and my money to our Deaf and Dumb Hospital." The property of the deceased, who had led a most rigorously abstemious life, amounts to about 70,000 florins.



FARMER'S COLUMN FOR APRIL.

ERRATA.

In speaking of a hot-bed last month, I said the young plants should be covered with glass in *chilly* weather. The printer has it *dully* weather, which is not English.

And I said that an ewe well fed in the Spring will have a much better *fleece*. The printer made it a much better *place*, which is nonsense.

Hoping for better luck this time, I go ahead.

OATS.

This important crop the favorite food for horses, and coming into use also as furnishing a wholesome article of diet for the human race, should be sowed as early as the ground can be well prepared. It is usual to sow oats on a corn stubble. Land that was highly manured for corn or potatoes last year, will yield good crops of oats, without farther manuring. If you expect to be scant of hay, one of the readiest ways to get a supply is by sowing a large field of oats, and cutting them like grass just as they come into blossom.

PLOWING.

Where there is a sward, I would not plow it for corn till just before planting, that is in May. But if you mean to plant corn on a lot that was tilled last summer, it is best to plow it as early in the Spring as you can, and plow again just before planting.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Must be attended to as soon as the ground is dry enough to dig or plow. Have a light dry piece of ground for early planting. It is not safe to plant beans very early. A frost coming after they are up, withers them like a fire. But pease parsnips, onions and many other garden vegetables can be sowed as soon as the ground is fit to dig or plow.

The latter part of this month is the time to graft your apple-trees. Cherries and plums, as they blossom out so much earlier than apples, should be grafted earlier.

A seed bed of cabbages is very apt to be destroyed by insects. To be sure of having enough to plant I go into my meadow, make up a large heap of dry brush and burn it to ashes. In these ashes I scatter and rake in the cabbage seed. It is never attacked by flies or bugs in such a place, and makes fine young plants to be set out.

J. R. B.

Washington, March 4th 1868.

Philo W. Packard. Esq.

Sir;—In answer to an acrostical enigma in your *Gazette*, I have the honor to inform you that it is very easy to take the initials, and find them in less than a minute. The name of one of the benefactors of Deaf-mutes is Harvey P. Peet.

Very Respectfully

Your Obedient Servant

I. H. B.

There are in France thirty thousand deaf-mutes, living principally in wet and marshy districts, or in the mountains. [?]

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.—Perhaps our readers would like to know where some of the plants and fruits we cultivate, were first found.

It may be, some of you never give in a thought, and would be surprised to know that so many countries are represented in our gardens and fields.

Oats came originally from North Africa.

Rye is a native of Siberia.

Barley was first found in the mountains of Himalaya.

Buckwheat came from Siberia and Tartary.

The Potato is a native of Peru and Mexico.

Hemp originated in Persia and the East Indies.

Cucumbers, also, came from the East Indies.

Cabbage grows wild in Silicy and Naples.

Currants and Gooseberries came from the South of Europe.

Parsnips are supposed to have come from Arabia.

Peas originated in Egypt.

Garden Beans came from the East Indies.

Citrons came from Greece.

Onions originated from Egypt.

Celery came from Germany.

Parsley was first known in Sardinia.

Radishes are natives of China and Japan.

The Quince came from the Island of Crete.

Horse radish came from the South of Europe.

The Sunflower came from Peru.

The Mulberry tree came from Persia.

The Pear and Apple from Europe.

The Chesnut from Italy.

The Walnut and Pear came from Persia.

The Horse-chestnut originated at Thibet.

The Pine is a well-known native of the East.

The Union Register W. Va.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

1. *Corvus Monedula*, a curious bird of a black color with blue reflection.

2. *Turdus Migratorius Americanus*, a singing bird having the breast of a somewhat dingy, orange-red color.

3. *Botaurus Vulgaris*, a wading bird of Europe.

4. *Scopus Umbretta*, a grallatorial bird of Africa.

5. *Columba Palumbus*, a species of pigeon.

6. *Luscinia Philomela*, a small bird that sings at night.

7. *Aquila Americana*, Our favorite bird.

8. *Meleagris Gallapavo*, a large gallinaceous fowl.

Take the initials of the names of the above-mentioned birds, and find the name of one of the semi-mutes in America.

"An agricolam doctum Caesareae Novae a Clerico Thesauri."

I. H. B.

NOTICE.

Copies of Mr. Angus oration gotten up in a neat form of thirty-six pages, including all addresses and full Report of the proceedings of the late semi-centennial convention in New York are now ready for mailing (pre-paid) to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents.

Address H. O. Rider.

Mexico, Oswego Co, N. Y.

When was Noah in America? When he was out on the Ark and saw.

EDITORIAL.



Dioclesian Syntax M. D. having disposed of his residence on Noddles Island has moved into the heart of the Tri-Mountain City.

The Carlin and Burnett papers, we loaned to a friend who has failed to return them in season for this number of the *Gazette*. The call for them has been loud. We are sorry to again disappoint our friends.

The Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Association has elected Jonathan P. Marsh President.

Notices of the several Institution reports will appear in our next.

The Editorial letter promised in our last, is too long for this number. If not considered too old it will appear in our next.

We are obliged to our friends for their words of encouragement. We will try to give satisfaction all round.

It is reported that the Directors of the Hartford Asylum propose to head the Clerc testimonial with a telling sum. Hope it will prove true. Send in the money without delay to Rev. Mr. Fisher of Hartford, the Treasurer and Manager of the Fund.

Our Maine friends are wide awake.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All communications for the *GAZETTE*, and all subscriptions should be sent to PHILLO W. PACKARD, Editor and Proprietor. A list of our duly authorized agents can be found on our first page. We shall not be responsible for money sent to any other than ourselves or our agents, whose names we shall announce in our columns from time to time for the information of our subscribers.

Where is the best place to dine?

At C. D. & I. H. PRESHO'S
10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue,
BOSTON.

At all hours of the day and seven days in week.

Mr. Angus's oration—See notice in another column.

GREAT INDUCEMENT.

The *National Deaf-Mute Gazette* is published monthly at \$1.50 per annum. The proprietor makes the liberal offer to any one who will send him the names and address of twenty *new* subscribers and twenty dollars, to forward the *Gazette* for one year.

It will be seen that the person getting the twenty subscribers will be entitled to retain ten dollars.

From the Riverside Echo.

WHITE MOUNTAIN MEMORIES.

BY REV. EDWARD P. THWING.

Travellers through the Franconia Notch who have remained at the Profile House a day or more, have noticed a deaf and dumb man about the hotel. He is in middle life, of intelligent appearance and his name is William B. Swett. Tall, slender and of nimble movements, very affable and quick witted, he makes himself as useful as a guide, communicating with strangers by rapid signs and looks, as well as by writing on a bit of slate which he carries with him. He has been employed about three years by the proprietors of the hotel as carpenter, and the two curious figures on Eagle Cliff representing a hunter with an animal which he is about to shoot, were placed there by Mr. Swett. His active habits and adventuresome spirit were inherited from his father and grandfather who were among the hardy pioneers of New Hampshire. The latter was a resident of Stowe, Mass. His name was Nahum Brown, a deaf-mute. He was fifteen years old when his father left Massachusetts for the New Hampshire wilderness. Continental money was then worthless. Mr. B. says that his father took a bushel of it once and carrying it to the garret of the house, turned it out into a meal box. He found a place in Henniker about fifteen miles from Concord, made a clearing, built a log cabin and then sent word to Nahum to hitch two yoke of oxen to a sled and bring the family, furniture and food. His mother and sisters were well muffled with quilts and comforters and then placed on the load. The youngster provided himself with a stout wooden goad, and started on a journey of a hundred miles, which he and the family accomplished in safety. He was a plucky fellow, and while his father pursued a blacksmith's trade, he brought down trees and catamounts. In driving cows to pasture he went armed with a pitchfork, which he liked better even than a gun. He scared off a number of bears with his fork, but one time came near being killed by one of them. He married a "hearing woman" and had two mutes, one of whom is the mother of Mr. Swett. The other is now Instructor in the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Michigan. The father of Mr. S. and a brother both could speak. The latter was one of Gen. Pierce's body guard, and died of a wound received in the Mexican war. The five children of Mr. S. were all born with their hearing, the eldest, however, lost it in infancy by sickness, and is now a pupil at Hartford. The mother, a mute, came from Europe early in life with her parents. They were wrecked in a fog off New Brunswick and most of their property lost. The father was afterwards drowned at Fall River, and his wife died of grief. Mrs. S. however, enjoyed the benefits of education at the New York Institution, and her children are now making rapid progress in both the solid and ornamental branches of education. Their father is as fond of adventure as were his parents and grandparents. A few years ago he took a walk in winter from Henniker to Massachusetts to view the Lexington battle ground. On his return, as he neared home he was overtaken by a severe snow storm, and found himself

lost at midnight in the woods. But his courage and strength held out. Taking a back track he arrived at his house at two o'clock in the morning with his nose and ears frozen. He then went to work and constructed a curious Diorama of the Battle of Lexington. There were three hundred movable figures of men, horses, guns and the other accessories of a battle, all made to represent actual combat. It occupied his leisure for six years. Sometimes he worked all night. When completed it was exhibited to the great delight of the people.

When it was my good fortune to meet Mr. Swett last August he had just returned from an excursion to Lake Moran with the Editor of the *Journal of Commerce* and half a dozen others. He carried their rations and acted as guide. They had a rough scramble through a part of the Notch and along one of the feeders of the Pemigewasset, and although there was some uncertainty as to whether they really had attained the object of their search, no one doubted that the tour of exploration was a delightful one. Mr. Swett's last work is the construction of an accurate model of the Old Stone Face which is really a wonderful success. It is done in Canada pine, and measures eighteen inches by twenty, and is both a monument to his industry and skill, and a pleasant souvenir of a most delightful locality.

☞ A young ex-Confederate soldier, named Robert Harris, who, from wounds received at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, was rendered deaf and dumb, is now in this city in a penniless condition. On the advice of physicians, he is endeavoring to reach the Hot Springs, in Arkansas, where it is thought his lost faculties may be restored. He is a most worthy object of charity. General S. B. Buckner, under whom young Harris served, commends him to the favor of the benevolent. We trust he may speedily obtain the means wherewith to accomplish his desire.

The Louisville (Ky.) Daily Journal, March 16th 1868.

MR. GALLAUDET AND DOCTOR BLANCHET.

Mr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, whose instructive report we lately noticed, fears that our paragraph concerning the late Dr. Blanchet, of Paris, may "convey a wrong impression in regard to the judgment passed in the report on the work and character" of that gentleman, and sends us the passage in his report which bears on this point. Having read it before we wrote our article, and finding that Mr. Gallaudet considered "the discussion or even the suggestion of an idea so impracticable" as that of Blanchet to be "the height of absurdity," and, further, that he seemed to allude to Dr. Blanchet as "ingenious and persistent in his efforts" to recommend "the most impossible things," so that the public "may be led to believe" them "as quite feasible"; we naturally concluded that Mr. Gallaudet believed the French philanthropist—as many of our countrymen do—to have been a charlatan. We are glad to know that he does not so regard him, although he believes the Blanchet System a failure. Mr. Gallaudet further says:

"That I did not visit any of these schools [of Blanchet] was mainly owing to the fact that I could not, after considerable diligent search, find any. So entirely has the enterprise failed, that in few, if any, schools is the experiment now continued. I did see friends of Dr. Blanchet, in Paris, who, while speaking highly of him as a man, did not hesitate to pronounce his so-called system of deaf-mute instruction a failure. On this point the testimony at my command is most ample."

If Mr. Gallaudet had been able to find these schools, which were

visited and are described in general terms by Dr. Howe (in the *Fourth Annual Report of the Board of State Charities*, just published in Boston), he would probably have agreed with Dr. Howe that they did not properly carry out the ideas of Dr. Blanchet; and he would not have judged the system a failure until it had been fairly tried. What we censured was his readiness to deery a system without any *personal* knowledge of its success in practice, or any discrimination between faults of theory and faults of practice. We regretted this the more because few of the American teachers of the deaf and dumb seem to have read Dr. Blanchet's book, or to know precisely what he did advocate. They probably look upon him much as the English teachers in 1816 did upon Sicard; but Dr. Gallaudet did not take their opinion on trust. He made the acquaintance of Sicard, followed him from London to Paris, and became his pupil. Mr. Gallaudet has "heard many disinterested persons in Paris call Blanchet a charlatan"; but so was Sicard called by that ugly name. Both of them devoted long years to the study of their subject; both are to be judged by what they thought and did, rather than by what other people thought they did. It may be that Blanchet was mistaken, and that he carried too far his fondness for instructing deaf-mutes in day schools; but he was too eminent and too good a man to be disposed of in terms of slight or contempt, such as most teachers of the deaf and dumb in America are prone to use concerning him. It is a pleasure to find that Mr. Gallaudet does not share this prejudice; for, both by position and by character, the president of the Deaf Mute College at Washington ranks among the foremost of his profession in this country.

Exchange.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE GAZETTE.

We take pleasure in again commending this publication to our readers. It is published monthly by Philo W. Packard No. 50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass., at \$1.50 per year, in advance. The number for February is quite interesting. Among the contents we notice, "Anatole" a story translated from the French by the venerable L. Clerc of Hartford Conn., a paper on "Signs versus articulation" read by Dr. Peet before the Social Science association in New York, an editorial in relation to the education of the deaf-mutes of Massachusetts within the borders of the State instead of sending them to the American Asylum at Hartford, besides an interesting variety of miscellaneous articles.

To Deaf-Mutes the "Gazette" will prove peculiarly interesting. It affords a medium of communication between those in different sections, and collects and disseminates many facts of great interest to this class of our citizens. We trust the enterprise of Mr. Packard will be liberally encouraged. We will take pleasure in forwarding the names of any deaf-mutes in this State who may desire to subscribe to the "Gazette."

The Deaf-Mute Casket.

☞ A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all his class drawn up in front toward the North. "Now, what is before you, John?" "The North, sir." "And what behind you, Tommy?" "My coat-tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of it.

☞ Love, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot are things which cannot possibly be kept a secret very long.

JOHN CARLIN.

This artist, a *deaf-mute* from his birth, was born at Philadelphia, June 15, 1813. His parents were poor, but highly respectable. His paternal grand-father, a British artillery officer, was captured at Stony Point by the chivalric Anthony Wayne. After an exchange of prisoners, being disgusted with British injustice and cruelty, Carlin came to the very reasonable conclusion, that it would be much pleasanter to be his own captain. He accordingly deserted, and concealed himself in the woods of Pennsylvania. Here, amidst the embowered shades, he fell in love with, and finally married a fair quakeress.

And oft they met

When winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
To breathe in some green walk their first young vow.

In July, 1820, the subject of this sketch was admitted to the Pennsylvania institution for the deaf and dumb, where the first germs of knowledge shot forth in his darkened mind.

He has no recollection of the period when he first manifested a taste for drawing, but sometimes prior to his entrance into the school, he was accustomed to trace with chalk, fantastical figures upon the floor, and which his mother would quickly deprive of their immortality by the application of the mop.

On leaving the institution in 1826, with a refined taste and an ardent love of the arts, owing to the limited means of his father, our artist, to his great sorrow, was compelled for about two years, to toil for a scanty livelihood at house and sign painting. At the age of nineteen, as a matter of pure necessity, he commenced business on his own account, at Philadelphia. He constantly, however, devoted his spare hours to the study of the principles of drawing, and in copying on canvas, prints engraved from the works of the great historical painters.

After overcoming many difficulties, Mr. Carlin saved money enough to enable him, in 1838, to visit the old world, where he longed to drink in, at the fountain head, the wondrous beauties of the old masters. But like many of his ardent contemporaries, to his great regret, he found that his funds were not sufficiently ample to meet unexpected but indispensable expenses, in so large a field of study. After spending some time in London, he proceeded to Paris, where he studied under the celebrated Delaroche.

While in France Mr. Carlin had the good fortune to be present at the two magnificent funeral processions of the martyrs of 1830 and of Napoleon. During his sojourn too, he saw numerous instances of the difficulties under which foreign artists labor, who go to Paris without having previously studied the French language. On one occasion, in order to serve a young fellow countryman laboring under this disadvantage, Mr. Carlin acted in the capacity of translator of written communications between him and the French professor. The class thought it remarkably singular to see a *deaf-mute* translating for a *speaking* person.

A worthy friend, deeply interested in the welfare of Mr. Carlin, and knowingly that pecuniary difficulties prevented his journey to Italy, introduced him to a rich Virginia gentleman. The latter expressed a desire to facilitate the accomplishment of the cherished object, and bidding our artist to be of good cheer, promised to furnish him a thousand francs per year for three years, during the prosecution of his studies in Italy. He also requested him to get ready in a few weeks. This, thought our artist, was good fortune indeed, and his soul glowed with bright anticipations. He immediately commenced the study of the Italian language, and he was congratulated by his friends upon his smiling prospects. Meanwhile the Virginian had been obliged to go to England, but he had apprised Mr. Carlin that he would shortly receive such orders from agents in Italy as would enable him to proceed to that country. Week after week, however, passed away, and no order came. Hope, with her silver tongue, said it would come the next week, the next month, but it came not, although the expectant waited with an aching heart. At length, after waiting for more than a year, his spirits sank within him, and no pen can describe his anguish of soul. In his case was a powerful exemplification of the fact, that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Under these circumstances, painting became an object of aversion, and Mr. Carlin returned without ambition, to

the United States. Here he resolved to abandon his profession, but ex-Governor Seward, the late Col. Stone, and other sympathizing friends dissuaded him, and urged him still to paint. At length, after experiencing a severe struggle with poverty, he came to the conclusion that he would paint miniatures only, and that for a livelihood. This he soon found much more profitable than either historical or portrait painting, and in New York city, where he is permanently settled, he is now well patronized in this humble but beautiful art.

In December, 1843, he married Miss Mary Wayland, a former pupil of the New York institution for the deaf and dumb. They are blessed with five children, who, contrary to what might have been the opinion of certain thick headed philosophers, are neither deaf nor dumb.

In addition to his artistical merits, Mr. Carlin is a poet of no mean pretensions, as his numerous published pieces well prove.

American Biographical Sketch Book

We have received the Fifty-first Annual Report of the American Asylum, at Hartford, for the education of the Deaf and Dumb. It is an interesting report and contains much valuable information. The whole number of pupils during the year was 260, and the average attendance 224. The males numbered 158, and the females 102. New Hampshire has 11 pupils there, 4 males and 7 females. The current expenses of the institution were about \$32,000. This report contains a list of all the pupils admitted since it was opened in 1817, with the residences, time of admission, age, cause of deafness, number of deaf and dumb relatives, how supported, time under instruction, and remarks. We find New Hampshire has 170 pupils, 4 of whom were admitted the first year the institution was opened. Three of these were sisters, named Eliza, Polly and Sally Morrison, from Peterborough, and remained in the institution six years each. The other was a lad nine years old, from New Ipswich, named Charles Barrett, who also remained six years. Thomas Brown, of Henniker, for several years President of the Gallaudet Association, entered the institution in 1822, and a son of his, who is now a teacher, in 1851. Two nephews of Mr. Brown entered in 1837, and 1839, and a daughter of one of the latter in 1863. She was present and participated in the deaf and dumb exhibition in the State House, before the Legislature, last June. Her father, William B. Swett is well known to visitors at the Profile House, for a few years past, as an ingenious mechanic who put the panther on Eagle Cliff, and has modeled the Old Man of the Mountain. There are four generations of deaf and dumb in this family.

Concord Daily Monitor.

In this world man suffers different misfortunes. Some are deaf and dumb, some are blind, others are near-sighted and lame. Few are deaf, dumb and blind; but did you ever see a person deprived of all his senses, except his feelings, even the use of his mouth? Such a person exists in the State of Indiana. Disease has robbed him of everything, except his feelings, and the lockjaw has so locked his jaws that he cannot use them. His name is Michael McCanin. He was born in Lafayette, Indiana, and is seventeen years old. He has been blind thirteen years, and deaf five years. He lost his hearing by scarlet fever.

You may wonder how such a person could live and eat his food. This may be a mystery, yet I saw him. He eats his food through a hole in one side of his teeth, but does not masticate it. He swallows it with his saliva. The hole being large enough to admit a small pea. He drinks through the same hole by leaning his head one way while it is poured in. He constantly throws out his hands to feel if any body is near. He keeps beside of his mother, who says he has a strong memory and remembers those he touches. He knows night when he is put to bed, and morning when he gets up and is dressed by his mother.

I tried the mute alphabet on his hands, but it seemed nothing to him. Darkness surrounds him. He seems to know nothing but his own animal existence. Can such a person be educated? Can such a person be saved without knowing his Maker? He may be innocent, and our sympathies lead us to believe that such unfortunate and helpless persons may be saved by the clemency of our Savior.

W. M. F.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Iowa Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

MR EDITOR:—The Iowa Institution for the education of the unfortunate children of silence has been located at Iowa City ever since its establishment as a private enterprise by Rev. William E. Ijams, for a short time a teacher in the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. At present the Institution occupies the old piles of buildings at the corner of Clinton and Jefferson streets, a short distance northeast of the Iowa State University. The buildings are old and inconvenient for the noble work of deaf-mute instruction.

The city has a very pleasant site. It is high; the Iowa River, whose high and picturesque banks are crowned with beautiful trees in a delightful manner, runs through the western part, dividing it into two parts. I presume that I can safely say that Iowa is one of the most beautiful states in the Union. The climate is extremely agreeable and healthful. I learn from friends that there are a good many deaf-mute families living in different parts of the state, who are doing very well. Under the superintendency of Rev. William E. Ijams, the Institution seems to have been quite prosperous, as the number of pupils grew from twenty to the average of sixty one and he is said to have had the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts, as well as those of his subordinates, in the work were not inefficacious. Not less than one hundred and twenty pupils were educated during his administration of its affairs and I think it fair to say that many of them learned much of valuable knowledge, both temporal and spiritual.

In the fall of 1863, the pressure of declining health, and a strong desire to enter the ministry induced Mr. Ijams to tender his resignation, which was accepted by the Board of Trustees. The vacancy, thus created, was immediately filled by the appointment of Rev. Benjamin Talbot, for nine years a faithful and successful teacher in the Ohio Institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, on the recommendation of Rev. Collins Stone formerly principal of the latter Institution but now of the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Stone is a gentleman of fine talents. While the Ohio Institution was in his charge, he did all in his power to promote the welfare of the pupils, as well as that of his subordinates, and although they regretted his departure very much, yet they cherish his memory with the warmest affection. Mr. Talbot is a suitable person to fill the office of superintendent, and is faithful in the discharge of his duties.

The following were his assistant teachers during the first term of his superintendency. Messrs Edwin Southwick, a graduate of the New York Institution, D. F. Stone, a young gentleman from Ohio and Miss Sue Mc. Clure educated partly in the Ohio Institution and partly here. The principal used to teach the first class himself.

In process of time, Miss Burnetta Huston, who has three deaf-mute brothers and one sister living, was taken ill with diphtheria and bade adieu to the world on the 28th of December 1863. She was only eleven years of age and is said to have died in peaceful and triumphant hope of a glorious immortality.

Toward the close of May 1864, William Powers, a little boy only a few months in attendance at school, was drowned in the Iowa River while bathing. No serious sickness disturbed the general health of the inmates of the Institution in the latter part of the term.

At the commencement of the second term, the pupils increased to so large a number that it was found necessary to secure the services of an additional teacher, and Mr. C. S. Zorbaugh from Ohio, was

appointed to the vacancy by the Board of Trustees on the recommendation of the principal.

Not much sickness occurred among the pupils till the following spring, when pneumonia, following the measles, fastened itself on Miss Mary Kosmeyer, and she died at the age of 17 years. Shortly after this sad occurrence, another of the girls, Miss Harriet Wheeler, was taken ill with cerebro-spinal meningitis which terminated in death.

During the vacation, Miss Sue Mc. Clure was married to Mr. C. S. Zorbaugh at Northfield by Rev. Benjamin Talbot, the principal whose services they secured that they might be married in their own beautiful language of signs. They were the first couple ever married in the sign language in the state. They have recently been blessed with an heir.

The third year commenced as usual, and the only change made among the officers, was the resignation of Mrs Carrie Stone, the assistant matron, and the appointment of Mrs. Mary Askew to the vacancy. During this term affliction rested heavily on the family of the principal in the loss of his two dearly loved daughters. They were both little girls of beauty and affectionate dispositions. The last words of the youngest, named Kitty, were "Pretty Music" some fifteen minutes previous to her entrance into the valley of the shadow of death. We were really sad at heart to part with them, yet it is pleasant to remember that they died in the Lord, whose society they are enjoying in the better world. They wear glorious crowns and wave palms with those who have "overcome through the blood of the Lamb." They bathe themselves in the bottomless, shoreless sea of infinite beauty, where poverty, famine, peril, persecution and slander are unknown, and "the voice of weeping is no more heard."

At the close of this term, Mrs. Zorbaugh resigned her position as teacher in the Institution. Mr. D. F. Stone, who acted also as steward, resigned also.

To these vacancies were appointed Miss Ellen Israel from Brighton, Iowa, who has a little deaf-mute sister of perfect beauty attending school here, and Miss Louisa J. Hawkins from Lawrence, Kansas, educated at the Ohio Institution. The retirement of Prof. Benjamin Talbot from teaching, created another vacancy, which was, then, filled by the appointment of Mr. Henry A. Turton, a graduate of the Iowa State University, from Farmington, Van Buren Co., Iowa. In the course of this term, one of the boys was very sick of lung fever, which was generally expected to terminate fatally, and we had given up all hopes of his recovery, but to our great joy, he soon afterwards began to recover, and was finally restored to perfect health. So the general health of the Institution continued good during the latter part of the term. On the 6th of June, John W. Canine, who was to graduate this year, was drowned in the Iowa River, in an effort to swim through a whirlpool. He was nearly twenty one years of age.

Previous to the commencement of the present session, Miss Louisa J. Hawkins was joined in matrimony to Mr. H. A. Turton at the residence of her sister in Keokuk, Iowa. They are both still connected with the Institution as teachers and expect to continue so. The present number of pupils is sixty five; thirty six males and twenty nine females. Every thing seems to go on favorably with us this year and we hope that under a kind Providence, we may continue to get along well with the children.

As to the new Institution for the accomodation of the deaf and dumb, our last Legislature ordered its location at Council Bluffs. This is a great mistake, as the city is on the western border of the state on the Missouri River, and most of the pupils would find it impossible to go so far west to attend school. It is desirable that the new Institution should be located in central Iowa. It is in the

highest degree probable that our present legislature, which is now in session, will repeal the act and locate the Institution at some more central place,—as many of the members are said to be opposed to locating it at Council Bluff.

Ophthalmia is quite prevalent among the pupils at the present season, and several of them are unable to attend school. The pupils are annually subject to this disease.

I shall be happy to give the readers of the *National Deaf-Mute Gazette* further news respecting our new Institution when the legislature has acted in the matter.

March, 1868.

Yours, OTIS.

For the Gazette.

MR. EDITOR:—J. R. N's article in the March No. of the *Gazette* embodies my remarks to him and I propose to give a few more.

I see no ground to believe that spirits are forever to be "disembodied." I think they will have the same bodies restored to them, at the Resurrection, which they had on earth, with the difference;—that their bodies will be "reconstructed" and all blemishes and imperfections removed. That they will be *material* bodies I have no doubt. If otherwise, to what purpose is the Resurrection and the "new heavens and the new earth" which will succeed the present existing System after its destruction and return to original Chaos?

I am forced to believe that *sound* will be the principal medium of communication in the next world; we read of nothing else. It is true, that here on earth "a dense atmosphere, a muscular tongue, a vibrating larynx, &c.," are necessary to speech, but I am content to believe that the same Power which will give us *speech* and *hearing* will provide everything necessary for the exercise of these newly acquired faculties, else why give us what we never had, and what, if *gestures* are to be the prevalent language of Heaven, we can very well dispense with our ideas of the future state are necessarily modified and limited by the existing state of things on earth. We can form only gross conceptions of the Spirit World, just as we cannot now apprehend truth in all its relations and consequences except by that tedious and fallible process which we call reasoning.

We do indeed "leave behind, here in the dust, our brain and nerves with all their belongings," but we carry with us the spirit; which enabled us to think and feel and it is unreasonable to believe that "memory and consciousness will cease" for any time whatever.

To say the least, this idea is a very uncomfortable one to cherish. It is only a modified idea from Heathen Mythology. The Heathen believed that souls which had not lived on earth so as to attain to Heaven at death were, after a certain time, sent back to this world to be born again and live another life in another body, giving them a chance to "try again." Previous to being sent back, they were made to drink a cup of water from the River Lethe, by which their memory of past life and everything else was eternally blotted out, (this may explain my previous reference to the "Lethan cup.") The only difference I can see in the two ideas is in the *direction* pursued by the Spirit, and the *duration* of its loss of memory. We might as well adopt the fundamental principle of the religion of Buddhism, which is, that all righteous souls are, at death, absorbed into Deity and are practically annihilated, but this by no means answers to my idea of future bliss and is absurd to the last degree. In regard to the "Spiritual body" spoken of by Paul, I don't know what Mr. B's idea is, but I give mine. A "spiritual body" does not mean, to me, an ethereal, intangible, misty shape, but one which, while rendered incorruptible, is still visible and tangible; can be seen and felt; a body free from all imperfections and earthiness, fitted

for all active service and capable of the purest sensations and delights; a body changed just as a man's form is changed by putting on a new suit of clothes. A body which wholly serves the Spirit, ministers to it, depends upon it, and is the exact reverse of the relations of body and spirit on earth. Such a body may very properly be called a "spiritual body" inasmuch as it belongs to the Spirit, obeys it and is under its supreme control.

While our bodies are thus rendered fit for the new state of existence, yet this will in no way interfere with our personal identity and here I drop the subject for the present, only remarking that the limits of any newspaper would ill suffice to present all the various thoughts and speculations of which the whole thing is so productive.

W. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

For the Gazette

MR. EDITOR:—I am glad to know, through the columns of the *Gazette*, that the mutes have set on foot a movement in behalf of their eminent friend, Mr. Clerc, and also that so reliable a man as Rev. Mr. Fisher has agreed to take charge of the funds which may be contributed. The movement should be universal among the mutes of this country, and each one of them, as well as each friend to deaf mute education, should contribute something.

The object is as worthy as ever was any object. The subject of it will not long be with us, and let us therefore do all we can and do it *quickly*. Mr. Clerc has never had justice done to him; the request of the deaf mutes at large, in regard to his release from office, has never been *half* complied with, and they (the mutes) should have taken the matter in hand long ago.—All honor to "DEXTER" for making the initial move. He has passed away but we trust his motion will prevail and that mightily. If anything is to be done to prove the *gratitude* of mutes to Mr. Clerc, let it be done in his *life time*, and let it be done in a way that will enable him to enjoy the benefit thereof personally. If this be not done, any movement to his memory, when he shall have gone to the "*Land of the Dead*"; shall have passed beyond care, want and sorrow, though it tower to the skies and cost a mint of money, will be but a monument to an ingratitude unparalleled, and a neglect inexcusable.

In this connection, a copy of the Petition of the deaf-mutes assembled in Convention at Concord, N. H., in Sept. 1856, for the Directors of the American Asylum, in behalf of Mr. Clerc, may not be uninteresting, as showing what was *asked* for him. What was *given* is too well known to need stating here.

VICTOR.

PETITION.

TO THE HONORABLE THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Whereas, Laurent Clerc A. M., the venerable Professor in the institution under your control, a man loved and honored by all mutes, both as the associate of our lamented Benefactor, T. H. Gallaudet, L. L. D. and for his eminent and invaluable services in Deaf-Mute instruction, has now arrived at a good old age, having faithfully stood at his post, and done his duty for a long term of years. Therefore, We the undersigned Deaf-Mutes, do most respectfully represent to you, that in our judgment, it is his just due to be permitted to retire, on his well earned laurels and contemplate the great results of his labor. We would present for your consideration the aforesaid facts, backed as they are by good and sufficient reasons, why the veteran of forty years toil, should no longer be obliged to serve the class of people for whose enlightenment he left home, friends, and country, and we would petition your honorable body to grant him a

release from service, with a pension which shall be amply sufficient, to surround him with all the comforts essential to an unembarrassed enjoyment of the remainder of the span of life, which may be allotted him. Will our Alma Mater now grown great and prosperous allow the faithful servant who rocked her cradle in infancy and procured nourishment, which infused into her life, and vigor, to die with the harness on. No, it cannot be so, pardon us if we in our solicitude for him, anticipate your intentions, in doing this single act of justice, so abundantly merited and which ought to be immediately and affectionally rendered.

For the Gazette.

When I compare the present with the former state of things, and see what has been done by way of improvement since my day; I, certainly am brought to the conclusion that I have lived in a progressive age. In seeing to what perfection the power and usefulness of steam has been brought to man's aid—in propelling ponderous and heavy burthens—moving them with almost the speed of the bird on the wing—and again the operation of the electric news carrier—to what perfection that is brought—even to carrying news through the bosom of the ocean thousands of miles, correctly—and with lightning speed—then again, let us go into our hay fields, in the time of haying and see what is being done there,—with the mowing machine, horse rake's &c. But we will come to the case in question—to teaching articulation to the deaf. I know that I am recorded by some as being no "philosopher," but I would ask the philosophic portion of the hearing people, and also the same portion of the deaf (for I consider the deaf upon par with the hearing class) if it looks any more impossible to teach the deaf to articulate than to send news through the ocean to Europe with lightning speed and correctly too? I say, No.

Just think of it—here are the deaf class, with every requisite for talking that we who hear have, all they lack is *hearing*, and notwithstanding that, they know when they make a noise just as well as we who hear do, but don't know how to prepare their mouths in a position to speak *words*, until they are taught—and that is what can be done and what is now being done in Mass., the progressive state, and all I have to say is, whatever may be raised against you don't get discouraged for you will succeed, I think. I know there is every obstacle imaginable raised against its being done—such as making a guttural noise, and scowling the face, &c. &c. But I have had experience enough with the deaf to know that these difficulties can be entirely cured in *some*, at least. Why should the deaf be any more likely to have an unnatural voice than those who hear, I would ask? All of those that I have had a trial with, after a little exercise, became as natural as any person. It is true, when I first commenced with them, their voices sounded about as much like ours as that of the little animal that climbs the trees and makes their noise before a shower. But that was soon changed after practicing with them. And such faces you scarce ever saw, as they would make, when first commencing to speak, but why, I would ask? Because it seemed to them as dubious, almost as it would to us to put our hand in the fire. But as soon as they found that it was *nothing awful*, they would soon smooth up their face again. Let one of us think of putting our hand in the fire, and we should be sure of scowling our face, but after holding it there, if we received no pain or any injury, we should cease scowling our face, and just so it is with the deaf as soon as they find that they can speak just as we who hear do instead of dreading it, it will be a pleasure to them.

The last deaf child I had with me after we found that he could speak, he was so animated that he would sit till twelve o'clock at

night for me to teach him if I would let him. And he would be talking to himself almost continually when alone—speaking some words right and some wrong. He was with me but a hundred days, and in that time he had so learned that he could speak almost an word *plain* that I might mouth out to him—he seemed not like the same person *at all*. And during the whole time he was with me I made him understand not *one word* by hearing. It was all taught by *seeing* the motion and operation of the teacher's mouth. I could commence in the alphabet at any part, skip about in any direction, and recite as fast as I might, and he would follow me, and correctly too. He got the trade perfect in reciting the alphabet, and my son Enoch has it perfectly in our language.

In my last article there was one sentence which perhaps needs some explanation, I said, (speaking of my son) "But after he could talk, spell, read and write quite well, we sent him to another teacher than the father and family." That was so, but we sent him only to our district school—he was at home every night and we continued our care and constant vigilance in teaching him ourselves—as he used to tell us, *that the school room was as silent to him as the grave yard—he would say, "I can hear nothing unless the teacher stamps and screams."* But we would ever encourage him by telling him, "*don't get discouraged, we will attend to your case, we will keep you up with your class, &c. &c.*" A common school, with common teaching, we found not the place to teach deaf children. More anon.

Ledyard, Conn.

JONATHAN WHIPPLE.

For the Gazette.

Education An Advantage to Deaf-Mute Welfare.

Speaking of deaf-mute education in this country, Prof. I. L. Peet once said: "The seed introduced from a foreign land has germinated in a more congenial soil, received a kindlier nurture, and forth from its bosom has sprung a *tree*, whose off-shoots planted in all quarters of our vast domain, have extended their spreading branches, till uniting they have completely sheltered a class of the unfortunate from the pitiless storms of calumny and ridicule, to which they had been exposed and by their towering heights, have furnished them a means of ascent above the mists of obscurity and contempt in which they had been enveloped."

A good, plain English education—what is it to those more favoured of Heaven than to others whose ears are closed to all human sounds and whose lips are sealed to words—words so quickly and thoughtlessly spoken? To them it is both a benefit and privilege, of course, but how much more to mutes who find it *so much more difficult* to obtain than they. Education raises one from a state of ignorance to a high and elevated position in society, enabling him to work by the sweat of his brow, to master languages, to enjoy the companionship of learned sages of ancient love, to invent, to print, to build, and to sway the pen and sword with easy, yet powerful force. So much for those, who blessed with all their senses, *acquire it with such surprising ease and rapidity*. Turn we to the mute and see how it is with him in this respect. Before sent to school, his mind is more or less overshadowed by the misty loud of ignorance he knows hardly nothing, and as regards reading and writing, it is almost entirely out of the question with him.

In some instances, therefore, may he not be compared with the poor brutes that perish, even though he has a soul none the less precious in the sight of Heaven than the souls of those not afflicted like him? See what an education, thorough and liberal, can do for the deaf and dumb! It elevates them from the low condition in

which their mental powers then were enveloped, it lightens and brightens them as they gradually emerge out of the cloud. While at school they advance slowly, but surely upward and onward, till they find themselves capable of comprehending and being understood. Its various branches afford them ample sources for intellectual enjoyment and culture, and thus they learn many things about which they once knew nothing. The Bible is opened to them, they read its inspired pages, and are told of a Savior, ever merciful and good, whose priceless blood was shed even for them. They behold in Nature the works of an almighty and all-powerful God, and contemplate them with wonder and awe.

Education, so far, has done vastly much for the deaf-mute, nay, perchance a great deal more; what may it not yet do for him? Time will show, for we none of us have the power to unlock the portals of the impenetrable Future. The Present only is ours, so we can but watch and wait for new developments. A good education acquired, what a striking contrast between him and his uneducated companions, he intelligent and happy, they still ignorant and untaught. It certainly is a blessing especially to the deaf and dumb throughout the whole civilized world, that so many schools of learning have been erected by the sympathizing and benevolent, that they might reap the benefits of an education necessary to prepare them to battle unflinchingly with the stern realities of life, instead of remaining—as it were a pest and burden to society. Thus it is plain that education is as important an advantage to them as to the hearing. On graduating they make their own way through the world, fit themselves for any kind of business they may prefer, and so earn an honest livelihood, independent of the aid of others. A few can master language with quite as much ease as any of the students in our best colleges, and there are some who have become teachers, farmers, mechanics, editors, artists, &c. This may seem too incredible to some, but it is a well-known fact to be doubted or denied. But what would they be now, in this age of progress and invention, were there no such noble institutions as now exist? Life would surely be dark and dream, pleasure and enjoyment denied them, the unlifted veil withholding the bright rays of knowledge.

Thank Heaven! there are such numbers of them now scattered here and there over our favored land; even across the broad Atlantic, too, are others. On the eastern bank of our grand, picturesque Hudson, stands an edifice, spacious and elegant, where hundreds—we might say, thousands, have been taught and where new-comers enter as the graduates depart. In New England, is another, similar to it, which, built many years ago, still stands firm and strong, within whose sheltering walls so many of God's silent children have sought and found a temporary refuge from the storms and hardships of the outer world—oh! what a happy, peaceful little world within. Space permitting, we might go on and mention others as worthy, but, no, the two above mentioned must suffice as illustrations of the rest. Many years ago it was the prevailing opinion that to educate the deaf and dumb was as useless as unnecessary. How great the mistake, how wonderful the almost miracle! If to teach the slave to read and write is a thing important, of course, the deaf and dumb have an right to the same advantages. Who dare deny it? The graceful and impressive language of signs, writing, and spelling on the fingers are the chief medium through which they are taught. They progress slowly, it may be true, but the unwearied and indefatigable labors of experienced teachers for their welfare very rarely, if ever, prove vain. Education, therefore, should be considered by them as not only indispensable, but valuable, and they should improve every advantage while opportunity offers. Diligence and a love of study

will pay gloriously in the end. If education is neglected now, how many may regret it when too late. Again, we would urge every mute to learn all that is necessary in this school of great life.

L. A. W.

LEGISLATIVE EXCURSION.

TO VISIT THE ASYLUMS OF FAIRBAULT, MINNESOTA.

Descriptions of Buildings, &c.

Yesterday the Senate and House Committees on Charitable Institutions, with several other members and a few invited guests, visited the asylums at Fairbault. The party, which numbered eighteen in all, were provided with a special car on the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, attached to the regular train, at 6:30 o'clock, and arrived at Fairbault at 10 o'clock.

Here they were met by a Committee of the Directors of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and escorted in sleighs through the city to the asylum building.

FAIRBAULT.

Fairbault is one of the most pleasant cities of Minnesota. It is situated 53 miles south of St. Paul, at the junction of the Cannon and Straight rivers. The site of the town is a beautiful undulating prairie. To the east of the town flows the Cannon river, at the base of a picturesque range of hills. On this hill, or bluff, is located the Asylum, and the Episcopal College, known as the Shattuck Grammar School.

SITE OF THE ASYLUM.

This site is a lovely one for the purposes of an asylum. It stands in a commanding position, and is almost the first object that catches the eye of a stranger. Every window has a pleasant outview. One looks up the common, another commands the busy river which flows through the town, another the wooded line of bluffs, and others the rolling prairie, as far as the eye can reach.

THE BUILDING.

The building itself is in the French Louvre style with Mansard roof. The brown of its heavy cornice contrasts pleasantly with a facade of light blue lime-stone, and roof of slate. Finely cut quoins finish the corners. Piers at regular intervals strengthen and diversify the sides—deep bush hammered dyke course and water table make a rich base, and windows rising with each story, from a plain to a richly ornamented cap, all growing more beautiful in design to the roof. There is not a line from basement to domer window which does not blend harmoniously with the general style, and which does gratify the most cultivated taste. All the visitors were highly pleased and some not a little astonished to see what a really elegant and commodious building the State now owns for her Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum. The architect was Monroe Shiere, Esq., of St. Paul, and it reflects credit on his skill.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE BUILDING.

The interior of the building is as conveniently arranged as the most careful thought on the part of the trustees and superintendent can make it.

Basement.—In the Basement are four furnaces, with ample wood rooms; a vegetable cellar, with double walls; a cistern, holding 700 barrels; a laundry and trunk room.

First floor.—On the first floor there is a spacious dining room and kitchen; a store room; a bath room; an office and library room on either side of the main hall, and a recitation room for the higher class.

Second floor.—On the second floor there are four rooms for the family of the Superintendent; the public parlor, matron's sitting

room, and bed room, and the hospital, with clothes press, and other conveniences.

Third floor.—The third floor is occupied with a spacious chapel; a large class room, and on either side of the hall, overlooking the town, the boys and girls sitting rooms. These are, perhaps, the pleasantest rooms in the building.

Fourth floor.—On the fourth floor are the dormitories, to which are attached water closets, and a tank on the roof supplies the rooms with water.

A wall running from the foundation to the roof separates the building into two portions, so as to keep the sexes separate. The building is finely ventilated, and is drained by an underground sewer, running to the bank of the river near by.

The building is to be lit with gas made on the premises, and warmed with hot air furnaces. With all these conveniences, it will be a very comfortable and complete establishment.

By the good management of the Board of Directors, this fine building was erected for some three or four thousand dollars less than the legislative appropriation—an example for other institution, which generally over-run. The contract for the building was taken by Messrs. Leonard and Sheire, for \$33,500, but we learn that they will lose several thousand dollars on the job. They have done the work in a very careful manner though.

After inspecting the building, which will be ready for occupancy in about two weeks, the party returned to the Banon House, where a sumptuous dinner was secured to them. On their way down they stopped to inspect the Blind Asylum, which has three pupils, and Bishop Whipple's Female Seminary.

After dinner, at two o'clock, the party visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, near the Barron House. There are 24 deaf mutes here, and the exercises were intensely interesting. The classes were examined and made to show their proficiency in numerous ways. No one could help feeling touched at the intelligence and intellect evinced by these poor mutes, from whom Providence had kept one of the most important senses which go to make up our happiness. And yet they seemed happy, and are being educated so that they can take their place in the struggles of life almost as well as those with their senses all perfect.

At five o'clock these exercises were brought to an end, and the visitors again took to the cars and were soon en route for home.

St. Paul Pioneer, Minnesota. Feb. 21. 1868

☞ A small boy from Providence, R. I., who was begging in Hartford recently with a tablet on his breast testifying that he was a deaf-mute, talked loud and saucy when the police caught him.

☞ "Lord Lytton, whose deafness had become so complete as almost to unfit him for all public duty as well as for conversation, has entirely recovered his hearing under the treatment of some skilful aurist at Paris."

Harper's Bazar.

☞ A few weeks ago, when the down freight train was leaving the depot in Richmond, Maine., a deaf mute of that village, named Frank Staples, attempted to jump on a car, but in doing so he slipped and fell on the track, the wheels of the car passing over his right arm just below the elbow, nearly severing it from the body. His recovery is doubtful.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was eight years old, when he began to reign?
2. What place was Abraham buried?
3. What well was called after the angel of the Lord appeared to Hagar?
4. By whom was Abraham's place purchased?
5. What Mount was Aaron buried?
6. Who was David's next brother?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN THE MARCH No.

1. Bethel Genesis XXXIII or XXV111: 19.
2. Keturah. Genesis XXV: 1.
3. Elim. Exodus IV: 27.
4. Zipporah. Exodus XI. 21.
5. Miriam. Exodus XV: 20.
6. Ar. Joshua VIII: 17 to 21.

Answered by W. W. Swartz, of Penn.

☞ "Do you ever go to evening parties?" "No," said my friend Tom, "I used to go, but I am cured." "How so?," said I, anxious to learn his experience. "Why, you see," said Tom, feelingly, "I went to one some years back, and fell in love with a beautiful girl. I courted like a trump, and thought I had her sure, when she eloped with a tailor; but I swore vengeance. I patronized the robber of my happiness, and ordered a full suit of clothes, regardless of expense." "But your vengeance?" said I. "I struck the tailor in his most vital part, I never paid that bill; but those infernal clothes were the cause of my future misfortunes." "How so?" "Wearing them I captivated my present wife. She told me so; and I haven't seen a happy day since. But I am bound to be square with that wretched tailor in the long run. I'll leave him a legacy on condition that he marries my widow."

BOTH GREAT AND LITTLE.—A great and learned atheist once met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him:

"Where are you going?"

"To church, sir," was the reply.

"What to do there?"

"To worship God."

"Pray, whether is your God a great or a little God?"

"He is both, sir."

"How can he be both?"

"He is so great, sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my poor heart."

The atheist declared that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes the learned doctors had written upon the subject.

☞ Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living: "No, but I am almost there."

☞ We used to know a man who had the colorphobia so bad that he wouldn't even black his shoes.

☞ Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

☞ What nose is more brilliant than a toper's nose? Why, volcanoes, to be sure. Pat remarks that the chief glow of each comes from the "crater."

The author of the following poetic effusions was born entirely deaf, and had never the slightest perception of sound. After receiving his elementary education at the Pennsylvania Institution, he devoted the most of his time to the acquisition of skill and reputation as an artist. By his industry and perseverance, he has been enabled to support an interesting family in comfort and respectability. But while wrestling with the stern realities of life, he relieved the burden of anxious care and the weariness of incessant labor by the pursuits of knowledge. So successful had he been, that he became able to read with facility in six different languages, all of which were acquired without a master, except one. To these were added studies in the arts and sciences, and subjects of general information. He says, however, that "The most difficult study I ever undertook was of the principles of versification and the philosophy of vocal sounds, more especially the accents." His success is truly surprising, and holds up a bright example of perseverance to all his silent brethren for their emulation and encouragement.

TO THE FIREFLIES.

BY J. CARLIN, A. M.

Awake, ye sparklers bright and gay,
Still nestling in your lair!
The twilight glories fade away,
And gloom pervades the air—
Come then, ye merry elves of light!
Illuminate the tranquil night,
While low and high ye blithly fly,
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

The twinkling stars appear anon,
Shine feebly from on high;
The humble glow-worms hasten on
To bear them company—
O come, ye lustrous sylphs of night!
Display with them your fairy light,
While low and high ye blithly fly,
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

The trees are hush'd, the streamlet's still,
The frogs their vigils keep;
The nodding grain on yonder hill
And flowers together sleep—
O rise, ye sprightly flies of fire!
This slumbering scene with life inspire,
While low and high ye blithly fly,
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

The old folks doze, the maidens fair
Their wooing swains delight;
Then rise ye from your wat'ry lair
To cheer the solemn night—
O sparklers in the hour of dreams!
Fling merrily your witching gleams,
While low and high ye blithly fly,
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

A SCENE ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

BY J. CARLIN, A. M.

Majestic, conscious of his dazzling glory,
Measureless, came down the king of day,
Once more he silent gazed at the calm Sound,
Its verdant shores, its sullen rocky isles,
The straggling hamlets, hills with forests grand.
At length the vast orb sank. His rays of gold,
Streaming voluptuous, fired the glowing West
With splendors which a Claude would fain transfer

To his blank canvas, or a Thompson rapt,
Would feebly in his verse immortalize;
Then with the grandeur of a mighty stream
Retiring from its tide, those solar beams
Evanished, and the horizon's glow
Receding died away. Came sombre night
In steps gigantic far o'er nature fair;
Then scintillant the astral gems of Heaven
Appeared to sing the poesy of light,
While here, in calm repose, all nature seemed
To live in the umbrageous land of dreams.
But lo, far in the East shot up a light
Mysterious, semblant to distant fire
That stalks in silence through the glowing woods;
Far high it mounted, it dilated wide,
Effusing 'thwart the oriental sky
Its deep carnation—how sublime the scene!
As slowly, and in awful grandeur, rolled
Above the hills a huge, blood-visaged sphere—
O! was it not some genius bobiless
Of war malific from the chaos 'neath,
An ominous of strife and carnage dread?
Higher and higher soared that gory head
Unchecked, nay, in its progress undisturbed,
Through the vast myriads of ethereal lamps
Pendant in the deep azure arch serene;
Lo! gradually its sanguine aspect changed
To burnished gold—anon again from gold
To silver pure, which on the placid Sound
Shed its soft rays, inviting to the dance
The Nereids fair and the weed-kirtled Tritons;
All here and there, with fealty inspired,
Joined to exclaim, while basking in the light,
O! 'tis herself, our beauteous Queen of night!



In East Boston Feb. 11. by Amos Smith Esq., Justice of the Peace, Mr. Thomas Evans (Manchester, Eng. School) to Etta Laughlin Parke (American Asylum.)



In Cape Elizabeth, Maine, February 15th 1868, Jennie Lind, daughter of Lothario D. and Martha J. Lombard. Aged 1 yr. and 7 months.

Dear little one she is sweetly at Rest.
Her head is pillowed on Jesus Breast.

The cost of maintaining deaf mutes in Pennsylvania charges each voter with five cents and a fraction annually, the whole appropriation of the State for this purpose having been \$843,000 during the last forty-five years.

Silence is golden.